

But Why Hot Hunters?

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Summary: Yang wonders how the average Hunter can be so attractive.

But Why Hot Hunters?

"Do you guys ever think there's more to life than being really, really, really, ridiculously good looking?"

This deep, philosophical question was posed by none other than Yang "The Literal Blonde Bombshell" Xiao Long to her team as she casually propped herself up on one side on the spa bed, her luxurious blonde mane falling artfully around her shoulders. The benefits of being on a team with Weiss Schnee far outweighed actually having to live with the snippy heiress, considering the one of the benefits was access to the private spa room in the nearby Schnee Dust Company hotel.

Blake "Actual Model" Belladonna casually (and gracefully of course) tilted her head away from the _thoroughly engrossing and totally not erotic in nature_ book in her hands to face her golden partner as she pondered the question. The third member of the party did not even deign to look at the two before she weighed in on the question.

"Of course there is. But being really, really, really, ridiculously good looking just makes our lives better."

Weiss "Ice Queen" Schnee looked every bit the regal beauty seemingly floating slightly above her recliner, as if the material was unworthy to touch her. Her platinum hair was tied up away from her face as she allowed the exfoliating face mask do it's job, while the rest of her body glistened with it's most recent coat of the Schnee Dust Company's finest moisturiser.

Blake was using the time to unwind from the stressful business of Huntressing and was melting into her chair after a massage that had left her almost _purring_, much to her own embarrassment. She cleared

her head and thought back to the question.

"We are all very athletic considering our line of work and we like to take care of ourselves, we can't help being really, really, really, ridiculously good looking."

She did not miss Yang's gaze slowly make it's way across her bikini clad form before, of course, ogling her own very well defined abs. A puzzled look came across the blonde's face.

"But all of the Huntsmen and Huntresses of Beacon are above average in terms of looks-"

"Strike Jaune and that statement is true," interjected Weiss.

Yang rolled her eyes and continued, "Minus Jaune-"

"If we're striking people add Cardin to that list," Blake had done a quick run through of the remainder of Beacon's students and found surprisingly only one lacking.

Weiss cocked her head towards the Faunus.

"Really Blake? Only Cardin? I expected you to have higher standards than anyone but Cardin."

Before Blake could retort Yang cut back in.

"So anyway, as I was saying, minus the already stated deletions I think the real question is: Do academies screen for attractiveness or does being a Hunter make you more attractive?" Yang finished her question and looked pointedly at the other two who looked pointedly down at their own bodies, as she gestured to her own, "Because let's just say this was primed and ready before Beacon."

"Well I haven't noticed any particular changes since arriving at Beaconâ€|"

"No, me neitherâ€|"

"So we're decided then? Blake doesn't have high standards, Beacon does," she finished with a grin and lay back down on her spa bed, before adding one closing statement, "I can't believe Ozpin only lets hot people into Beacon."

The trio was silent for a moment in contemplation of the realisation they had come to before:

"Good thing we're all hot then, right?"

"Took the words right outta my mouth Blake."

"I can drink to that," stated Weiss as she raised her glass and nodded to her friends.

Just then the three very much relaxed individuals were quite rudely interrupted as a fourth, very much not relaxed and very much cross individual stormed into the spa room in a vortex of rose petals. They had been joined by their team leader who, although she looked like she needed one, was not here for a pampering spa session.

"Son of a b-"

"I told you Penny would distract her better than Nora."

"I payed Nora the finest Mistralian pancakes and this is what I get?"

"Seriously guys?! This is the third time this month! Your spa trips are not classed as team bonding exercises, especially if I'M. NOT. THERE!"

Epilogue

"Yang, Blake, and Weiss were like sisters to me. And when I say sister, I don't mean, like, an actual sister, but I mean it like the way Faunus people use it. Which is more meaningful I think. If there is anything that this horrible tragedy can teach us, it's that a Huntress' life is a precious, precious commodity. Just because we have chiseled abs and stunning features, it doesn't mean that we too can't not die in a freak spa scythe accident."

The three in question turned painfully towards their leader, "Quit telling everyone we're dead!" with a quiet, "Hey, I am your actual sister Ruby, what gives!"

"Sometimes I can still hear their voices."

End
file.